Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I late it naked to the deadly-stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kilde your husband;
But twas thy beautie that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch; twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *the sword.*

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tush that was in thy rage.
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

Glo. Then neuer was man true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take, is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer:

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner.

An

And presently repaire to Crosbi
Where after I haue solemnely in
At Chertsie monastery this nob
And wet his graue with my repe
I will with all expedient dutie se
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I
Grant me this boone.

La. With all my heart, and m
To see you are become so penit
Tressill and Barkley go along w

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you dese
But since you teach me how to f
Imagine I haue said farewell alr

Glo. Sirs take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards Chertsie nobl

Glo. No, to white Friers; ther
Was euer woman in this humou
Was euer woman in this humor
Ile haue her, but I will not kee
What I that kild her husband a
To take her in her hearts extre
With curses in her mouth, teare
The bleeding witnesse of her h
Hauing God, her conscience, a
And I nothing to backe my sui
But the plaine Diuell and disse
And yet to win her all the worl
Hath she forgot alreadie that b
Edward, her Lord, whom I som
Stabd in my angrie moode at T
A sweeter and a louelier gentle
Framd in the prodigalitie of na
Yong, valiant, wise, and no dou
The spacious world cannot ag
And will shee yet debase her e
That cropt the golden prime o
And made her widdow to a w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G